STING

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT...

Kathryn Tickell
Mary Macmaster
Sting
Dominic Miller
Julian Sutton
Bijan Chemirani

All songs arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

1 Gabriel's Message 2:33

Trad.

Sting, *Vocals* • Dominic Miller, *Guitar* • Ira Coleman, *Bass*
Ibrahim Maalouf, *Trumpet* • Cyro Baptista, *Percussion*

2 Soul Cake 3:27

Music and Lyrics by Paul Stookey, Tracey Batteast and Elena Mezzetti

Sting, *Vocals, Percussion* • The Webb Sisters, *Background Vocals*
Joe Sumner, *Background Vocals* • Dean Parks, *Guitar, Mandolin*
David Mansfield, *Mandolin* • Kathryn Tickell, *Violin* • Peter Tickell, *Violin*
Ira Coleman, *Bass* • Chris Gekker, *Trumpet* • Brent Madsen, *Trumpet*
John Clark, *Horn* • Chris Dudley, *Trombone* • Marcus Rojas, *Tuba*
Leslie Neish, *Tuba*

3 There Is No Rose of Such Virtue 4:03

Anon.

Sting, *Vocals, Lute* • The Webb Sisters, *Background Vocals*
Joe Sumner, *Background Vocals* • Bassam Saba, *Oud, Ney*
David Hartley, *Harmonium* • Rhani Krija, *Percussion*
Bijan Chemirani, *Percussion* • Daniel Freedman, *Percussion*

4 The Snow It Melts the Soonest 3:43

Trad.

Sting, *Vocals* • Dominic Miller, *Guitar* • Ira Coleman, *Bass*

5 Christmas at Sea 4:37

Poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, Music by Sting and Mary Macmaster

Sting, *Vocals, Guitar, Snare Drum* • Mary Macmaster, *Vocals, Harp*
Dominic Miller, *Guitar* • David Mansfield, *12-String Guitar, Lap Dulcimer*
Kathryn Tickell, *Violin* • Ira Coleman, *Bass* • Donald Hay, *Percussion*
Bashiri Johnson, *Percussion*

6 Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming 2:42

Music by Michael Praetorius, English Translation by Theodore Baker

Sting, *Vocals* • Stile Antico, *Vocal Ensemble* • Kathryn Tickell, *Northumbrian Smallpipes, Violin* • Vincent Ségal, *Cello* • Julian Sutton, *Melodeon*
Strings of the Musica Aeterna Orchestra • Robert Sadin, *Conductor*

7 Cold Song 3:16

Music by Henry Purcell, Lyrics by John Dryden

Sting, *Vocals* • Dominic Miller, *Guitar* • Svetlana Tsovena, *Violin*
Vincent Ségal, *Cello* • Daphna Mor, *Recorder* • John Ellis, *Bass Clarinet*
Robert Sadin, *Percussion*

8 The Burning Babe 2:43

Music by Chris Wood, Lyrics by Robert Southwell

Sting, *Vocals, Guitar, Percussion* • Lisa Fischer, *Background Vocals*
David Mansfield, *Mandolin, Lap Dulcimer, Mandocello*
Kathryn Tickell, *Violin* • Vincent Ségal, *Cello* • Ira Coleman, *Bass*
Julian Sutton, *Melodeon* • Mary Macmaster, *Harp*
Kenny Garrett, *Soprano Saxophone* • Jack DeJohnette, *Drums*
Daniel Druckman, *Snare Drum* • Cyro Baptista, *Percussion*

9 **Now Winter Comes Slowly** 3:05

Music by Henry Purcell, Lyrics by Thomas Betterton

Sting, *Vocals* • Daniel Hope, *Violin* • Dov Scheindlin, *Viola*
Melissa Meell, *Cello* • Ira Coleman, *Bass* • Robert Sadin, *Soundscape*

10 **The Hounds of Winter** 5:49

Music and Lyrics by Sting

Sting, *Vocals, Guitar, Percussion* • Lisa Fischer, *Vocals*
Dominic Miller, *Guitar* Kathryn Tickell, *Violin* • Vincent Ségal, *Cello*
Julian Sutton, *Melodeon* • John Ellis, *Bass Clarinet* • David Sancious, *Organ*
Cyro Baptista, *Percussion* • Bijan Chemirani, *Percussion*
Bashiri Johnson, *Percussion*

11 **Balulalow** 3:10

Music by Peter Warlock, Lyrics Trad.

Sting, *Vocals, Guitar* • Lisa Fischer, *Background Vocals*
Jasmine Thomas, *Background Vocals* • Vincent Ségal, *Cello*
Charles Curtis, *Cello* • Chris Botti, *Trumpet*
Daniel Druckman, *Snare Drum* • Bashiri Johnson, *Frame Drum*
Strings of the Musica Aeterna Orchestra • Robert Sadin, *Conductor*

12 **Cherry Tree Carol** 3:11

Trad.

Sting, *Vocals, Guitar*

13 **Lullaby for an Anxious Child** 2:50

Music and Lyrics by Sting and Dominic Miller

Sting, *Vocals* • Dominic Miller, *Guitar* • Kathryn Tickell, *Violin*
Vincent Ségal, *Cello* • Julian Sutton, *Melodeon* • Mary Macmaster, *Harp*
Ira Coleman, *Bass* • Cyro Baptista, *Percussion*

14 **The Hurdy-Gurdy Man** 2:49

Music by Franz Schubert, Poem by Wilhelm Müller, English Adaptation by Sting

Sting, *Vocals, Guitar* • Julian Sutton, *Melodeon* • Daniel Hope, *Violin*

15 **You Only Cross My Mind in Winter** 2:35

Music by J. S. Bach, Lyrics by Sting

Sting, *Vocals* • Edin Karamazov, *Lute* • Ira Coleman, *Bass*
Strings of the Musica Aeterna Orchestra • Robert Sadin, *Conductor*

BONUS TRACK

16 **Coventry Carol** 2:34

Trad.

Sting, *Vocals* • Stile Antico, *Vocal Ensemble* • Dominic Miller, *Guitar*
Kathryn Tickell, *Violin* • Vincent Ségal, *Cello* • Julian Sutton, *Melodeon*
Strings of the Musica Aeterna Orchestra • Robert Sadin, *Conductor*

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT...

It is february 2009, a cold, relentless wind rattles doors and windows as it wraps itself round the old house that sits atop a Tuscan hillside. Surrounded by cypress trees standing against the wintry onslaught, the house has been my home and retreat for the last decade. In the summer its elevation gives us some respite from the sizzling temperatures in nearby Florence, but in the winter we experience the implacable wind that descends from the North down the peninsula and across the exposed Tuscan hills.

Seven musicians, wrapped in scarves and coats, instruments resting on their knees, sit huddled around the kitchen fireplace, nursing hot mugs of tea, attempting to get some warmth into their fingers. Nearest to me is Kathryn Tickell, a traditional musician from my hometown of Newcastle. Her Northumbrian pipes, as well as her fiddle playing, have graced four of my albums since the early nineties. Next to her sits Julian Sutton, another traditional musician from Newcastle, who says very little, preferring instead to express his eloquence via the buttons of his beloved melodeon. To my right is long-term colleague and guitarist Dominic Miller, my right and left hand for almost two decades. His presence, as well as his patience with my gadfly meanderings, is as comforting as his hands are steady. Mary Macmaster, Celtic harpist from Scotland, sits smiling in the glow of the firelight, patiently tuning the steel strings of her instrument between sips of tea.

I met cellist Vincent Ségal last year while performing in Steve Nieve's opera *Welcome to the Voice* at the Châtelet Theatre in Paris. Vincent plays everything from plucked bossa nova rhythms to sonorous Bach preludes. The Châtelet is also where I met Ibrahim Maalouf, an exceptional Lebanese trumpet player. He is another quiet soul who sits absently staring at my dog Compass lying by the corner of the fireplace: Compass returns his gaze with a look that is both watchful and insouciant. Finally there is violinist Daniel Hope, more at home perhaps in the great concert halls of the world than in a farmhouse kitchen, but nonetheless excited to be among this motley group of musicians

– and able to improvise in the informal way that most of us outside the classical world approach musical arrangements.

Each of us will explore the chosen pieces on his or her own, until the separate strands are woven together – a process which, I suppose, is my job: a task I'm happy to share on this occasion with Bob Sadin, New York producer, orchestral arranger and conductor. Bob stands with his back to the room, facing the window and observing the inclement weather, his flat cap clamped permanently on to the back of his head. "Shall we begin?" he says, still with his back to us. "We seem to have been gifted with the appropriate weather." Ah, yes! For we are gathered here to celebrate and explore the music of Winter, the season of frosts and long dark nights.

WINTERS PAST

BOB HANDS OUT COPIES OF THE "COLD SONG" by Henry Purcell from the semi-opera *King Arthur*, with lyrics by John Dryden. The Cold Genius is summoned back from the dead, we start to play, and somewhere in the house a door slams.

The cold months of the northern hemisphere have been granted to us by the fortunate tilt of the earth on its axis, and they exercise a powerful influence on our collective psychology. They are part of the myth of ourselves we carry inside our heads, created as much in the shared landscape of the imagination as in the concrete reality of our surroundings.

Like all earthly creatures we seem prewired to recognize and respond to the polar archetypes of light and dark, of heat and cold, as they are encoded in the rhythm of the days and nights and the perpetual cycle of the seasons.

Today is exceptionally cold but the winters of my childhood seemed to be far longer and far colder than they are now. Winter in this 21st century seems scarcely to begin before it is over, snowfall is rare, and when it does occur, it is short-lived. Global warming, if that is what is reducing our annual cold season, is probably taking its toll on the human psyche just as it seems to be altering the seasonal rhythms of the planet itself.

Something important is in the process of being taken from us, for despite the frequent foulness of the weather and the hardship of those who have to work outside, there is something of the Winter that is primal, mysterious and utterly irreplaceable, something both bleak and profoundly beautiful, something essential to this myth of ourselves, to the story of our humanity, as if we somehow need the darkness of the winter months to replenish our inner spirits as much as we need the light, energy and warmth of the summer.

I remember well those long hours of darkness from November to March. We would walk to school in the dark, and find our way home in that same darkness. When we rose, there would be frost on the inside of windows, where you could scratch a face with your fingernail. We would get dressed for school under the sheets, and then, bundled up under layers of woollen clothes, we would walk ghostly streets in freezing fogs, ice treacherously underfoot, and we'd gaze in wonder at icicles hanging from railway bridges.

I remember the soft snowfall of so many dark winter mornings with my Dad on his milk round. We would often be the first to disturb it, as we drove silently through the empty streets, and the first to leave our footprints on pavements and garden paths, with the clank of the milk bottles in our hands muffled by the deadening and soundless snow. In whatever was left of the day, the sun was scarcely glimpsed, if at all: just a cold yellow disc rising above the naked treetops, or the whitened roofs of the town.

Sometimes on a winter's night I would contrive to be alone in the downstairs room of our draughty Victorian house. We kept a coal fire there, our only source of heat. Turning off the light and sitting on the edge of the fender, I'd be drawn to the glowing coals and the flickering of the firelight, the room full of darting shadows. There I was free to imagine spirits and hauntings, for Winter, more than any other, was the season of the imagination, of transformed magical landscapes and the eerie silences of the snow.

Later that evening in Tuscany, the wind still howling outside, I will ask Kathryn if she knows any songs from Newcastle that would suit this project. She tells me that when she was a small child her Dad used to sing her a song called "The Snow It Melts the Soonest". I don't know it, but she and Julian will patiently teach it to me. The song, like the moors of Northumberland in the winter, has a characteristic bleakness and is starkly beautiful. As I sing it, I feel a rare twinge of homesickness.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

SINCE THE FIRST MILLENNIUM THE FESTIVAL of Christmas has become the central and defining event of the winter season; the story of Christ's birth contains many magical elements, prefigured by ancient prophecy: the god king born among animals in a stable, the mysterious star in the East, the Three

Wise Men, King Herod and the Slaughter of the Innocents, Mary and Joseph and the conundrum of the Virgin Birth. I appreciate the beauty of these stories and how they have inspired musicians and poets for many centuries. It was my desire to treat these themes with reverence and respect, and despite my personal agnosticism, the sacred symbolism of the Church's art still exerts a powerful influence over me.

In the medieval lexicon the rose was a symbol of flawless perfection and became associated with both Christ and his mother Mary. Two songs in this collection have this as a central metaphor, both based on a verse from Isaiah ("And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots"): "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming", a 15th-century German carol, harmonized by Praetorius a century later, and "There Is No Rose of Such Virtue", an English carol from the same period. While the metaphor of the rose is clearly medieval, it appears to carry a faint echo of the nature spirits of the pre-Christian era. While this would undoubtedly have been an unconscious link, the syncretic nature of symbolism is both subtle and persistent.

In selecting the songs here, I was drawn to many of the beautiful lullabies from both secular and religious traditions and became intrigued by their dual nature, for lullabies seem to be designed not only to soothe but also to unsettle the listener. For example, terror is the subtext of the "Coventry Carol," dating from the 16th century and performed as part of a mystery play *The Pageant of Shearmen and Tailors*, is ostensibly a lullaby to soothe away the cares and anxieties of children, but the story of King Herod's Slaughter of the Innocents would be more likely to induce nightmares than peaceful slumber. This strangely ambivalent nature of many lullabies ("Rock-a-Bye Baby" is hardly more reassuring) may have something to do with the ritual warding off of evil, wherein the naming of the "terror" will hopefully rob it of its power.

Peter Warlock composed his beautiful setting of the Scottish hymn "Balulalow", a lullaby that is lyrically at the more comforting end of the spectrum; but the E flat pedal against the modal voicing of the arrangement is not entirely free of dark portents. Similarly, "Lullaby for an Anxious Child", one of my own compositions with Dominic Miller, contains forebodings of a dark world beyond the cradle.

The imagery of "Gabriel's Message", originally a Basque carol, is both beautiful and terrifying. Mary, who is – as usual – described as meek and gentle, is confronted by the vision of an awesome being with eyes of flame and wings of drifted snow.

The Mary and Joseph of the "Cherry Tree Carol" are attractively human in the way they respond to their unusual predicament. On their flight into Egypt, Mary, now with child, asks her husband to gather cherries for her. With some anger, Joseph replies that the father of the baby should fetch her cherries, and not he. Such an honest emotional response is refreshing.

Implicit in the story of the birth of Christ is the knowledge of his death and his subsequent Resurrection. This is what connects it to the secular songs about the cycle of the seasons. We are reminded that there is light and life at the centre of the darkness that is Winter – or conversely, that, no matter how comfortable we feel in the cradle, there is darkness and danger all around us.

ANCIENT ECHOES

THE MAGICAL QUALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN story is not diminished by the knowledge that much of the myth of Christmas seems to have been superimposed upon an ancient matrix. If anything, those ancient echoes of the pagan solstice still reverberate in the stories of spirits and ghosts for which the season is famous.

Our ancestors celebrated the paradox of light at the heart of the darkness, and the consequent miracle of rebirth and the regeneration of the seasons. Ancient cultures not only observed these phenomena but also took an active and imaginative role in their propagation. The winter solstice needed to be celebrated ritually so that a new cycle of the seasons could begin, crops could be sown, animals husbanded and life itself could proceed. It is this imaginative contract with nature that was at the heart of the winter rituals and at the heart of ancient myth.

For me it was important to draw parallels between the Christian story and the older traditions of the winter solstice. These myths and stories are our common cultural heritage, and as such need to be kept alive through reinterpretation within the context of contemporary thinking, even if that thinking is essentially agnostic. However, the mystery at the heart of the cosmos, and indeed of life itself, remains intact – perhaps insoluble to beings at our level of consciousness. In the meantime, all of us need our myths to live by.

LIKE MANY PEOPLE, I HAVE AN AMBIVALENT attitude towards the celebration of Christmas. For many, it is a period of intense loneliness and alienation. I specifically avoided the jolly, almost triumphalist, strain in many of the Christian carols. I make a musical reference to "God Rest Ye Merry,

Gentlemen" only as a dramatic counterpoint to the words in "Soul Cake", for example. This was a song sung at Halloween by children who go from door to door asking for pennies and "soul cakes" (the latter not originally intended for the living). I was also keen to avoid the domestic cosiness of many of the secular songs, recognizing that, for many, Winter is a time of darkness and introspection.

Likewise, I was attracted to Robert Louis Stevenson's poem "Christmas at Sea" because it describes so well the powerful gravitational pull of home that Christmas exerts on the traveller. When Mary Macmaster started to sing the Gaelic song "Thograinn Thograinn", a women's working song from the Isle of Skye, I thought the melody would make a perfect counterpoint for the longing of Stevenson's sailor, who finds himself on a foundering ship below the cliff-side town where he was born: "of all days in the year ... on blessed Christmas morn".

For those with even darker tastes "The Burning Babe", a poem by the 16th-century English Jesuit martyr Robert Southwell, offers a macabre vision encountered on a winter's night of the infant Jesus suspended in the darkness and burning in agony for the sins of man. The musical setting is the work of traditional singer and fiddler Chris Wood.

It would have seemed strange not to make reference at least to Schubert's great song cycle *Winterreise*, his masterly meditation on the season, and one of the inspirations for the present collection. I've taken some liberties with the English translation of "Der Leiermann" in suggesting that the snarling dogs mentioned there may perhaps take a more active role in the demise of the hurdy-gurdy man. The observer in the song not only maintains a sense of curiosity and empathy towards the subject but perhaps envisions the spectre of his own future.

Finally comes "You Only Cross My Mind in Winter", inspired by the Sarabande from J. S. Bach's Sixth Cello Suite; not surprisingly, it's a ghost story. My other contribution to the album is also a ghost story of a kind, "The Hounds of Winter".

Walking amid the snows of Winter, or sitting entranced in a darkened room gazing at the firelight, usually evokes in me a mood of reflection, a mood that can be at times philosophical, at others wildly irrational; I find myself haunted by memories. For Winter is the season of ghosts; and ghosts, if they can be said to reside anywhere, reside here in this season of frosts and in these long hours of darkness. We must treat with them calmly and civilly, before the snows melt and the cycle of the seasons begins once more.

— Sting

Kathryn Tickell
Vincent Ségal

1 Gabriel's Message

The angel Gabriel from Heaven came,
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,"
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria!

"For known, a blessed Mother thou shalt be,
All generations laud and honour thee,
Thy Son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold,"
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head,
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said;
"My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name,"
Most highly favoured lady, Gloria!

2 Soul Cake

A soul cake, a soul cake,
Please, good missus, a soul cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us all merry.
A soul cake, a soul cake,
Please, good missus, a soul cake,
One for Peter, two for Paul,
And three for Him that made us all.

God bless the master of this house
And the mistress also,
And all the little children
That round your table grow;
The cattle in your stable,
The dogs at your front door,
And all that dwell within your gates
We'll wish you ten times more.

A soul cake, a soul cake...

Go down into the cellar
And see what you can find;
If the barrels are not empty
We'll hope that you'll be kind;
We'll hope that you'll be kind
With your apple and your pear,
And we'll come no more a-soulin'
Till Christmas time next year.

A soul cake, a soul cake...

The streets are very dirty,
Me shoes are very thin,
I have a little pocket
To put a penny in;
If you haven't got a penny
A ha'penny will do;
If you haven't got a ha'penny
God bless you.

A soul cake, a soul cake...

3 There Is No Rose of Such Virtue

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu;

For in this rose contained it was
Heaven and earth in little space;
Alleluia.

There is no rose...

By that rose we may well see
That he is God in persons three.
Alleluia.

There is no rose...

The angels sung and the shepherds, too:
Gloria in excelsis deo:
Alleluia.

There is no rose...

4 The Snow It Melts the Soonest

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the
winds begin to sing,
And the corn it ripens fastest when the frost is
settling in,
And when a woman tells me, my face she'll soon
forget,
Before we'll part, I'll wage a croon she's fain to
follow't yet.

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the
winds begin to sing,
And the swallow skims without a thought as long
as it is spring;
But when spring goes and winter blows, my
lassie, you'll be fain
For all your pride to follow me across the stormy
main.

Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the
winds begin to sing,
And the bee that flew when summer shone in
winter cannot sting;
I've seen a woman's anger melt betwixt the night
and morn,

Ah, it's surely not a harder thing to tame a woman's scorn.

Oh, never say me farewell here, no farewell I'll receive,
And you shall set me to the stile and kiss and take your leave;
I'll stay until the curlew calls and the martlet takes his wing;
Oh, the snow it melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing.

5 Christmas at Sea

All day we fought the tides between the North Head and the South,
All day we hauled the frozen sheets to scape the storm's wet mouth,
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard:
We saw the cliffs and houses and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'long-shore home;
The windows sparkled clear and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And, oh, the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

6 Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came a flow'ret bright
Amid the cold of winter
When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
This Rose that I have in mind.
And with Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother so sweet and so kind.
To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Saviour
When half-spent was the night.

7 Cold Song

What power art thou who from below
Hast made me rise unwillingly and slow
From beds of everlasting snow?
See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and wondrous old,
Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move or draw my breath:
Let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.

8 The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear;

Who, scorchèd with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed
As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were fed.
Alas, quoth he, but newly born in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!

My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel, wounding thorns,
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel justice layeth on and mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defilèd souls,

For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood.
With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind that it was Christmas day.

9 Now Winter Comes Slowly

Now Winter comes Slowly, Pale, Meagre and Old,
First trembling with Age and then quiv'ring with Cold;
Benumb'd with hard Frost and with Snow cover'd o'er,
Prays the Sun to Restore him and Sings as before.

10 The Hounds of Winter

Mercury falling,
I rise from my bed,
Collect my thoughts together,
I have to hold my head;
It seems that she's gone
And somehow I am pinned
By the Hounds of Winter
Howling in the wind.

I walk through the day,
My coat around my ears,
I look for my companion,
I have to dry my tears;
It seems that she's gone,
Leaving me too soon;
I'm as dark as December,
I'm as cold as the Man in the Moon.

I still see her face,
As beautiful as day;
It's easy to remember,
Remember my love that way.
All I hear is that lonesome sound
And the Hounds of Winter,
They follow me down.

I can't make up the fire
The way that she could,
I spend all my days
In the search for dry wood;
Bar all the windows

And close the front door,
I can't believe
She won't be here any more.

I still see her face...

A season for joy,
A season for sorrow,
Where she's gone
I will surely, surely follow;
She brightened my day,
She warmed the coldest night,
But the Hounds of Winter
They got me in their sights.

I still see her face,
As beautiful as day;
It's easy to remember,
Remember my love that way;
All I hear is that lonesome sound
And the Hounds of Winter,
They harry me down.

Mercury falling...

11 Balulalow

O my dear hert, young Jesu sweet,
Prepare thy credil in my spreit
And I sall rock thee in my hert
And never mair from thee depert.

But I sall praise thee evermore
With sangis sweet unto thy glore.
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

12 Cherry Tree Carol

When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

When Joseph and Mary were walking one day:
Here is apples and cherries so fair to behold.

Then Mary spoke to Joseph so meek and so mild:
"Joseph, gather me some cherries, for I am with child."

Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger he flew:
"Oh, let the father of the baby gather cherries for you."

So the cherry tree bowed low down, low down to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood down.

Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee,
Crying, "Lord, have mercy for what I have done."

When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

13 Lullaby for an Anxious Child

Hush child,
Let your mummy sleep into the night until we rise.
Hush child,
Let me soothe the shining tears that gather in your eyes.

Hush child,
I won't leave, I'll stay with you to cross this Bridge of Sighs.
Hush child,
I can't help the look of accusation in your eyes,
in your eyes.

The world is broken now,
All in sorrow,
Wise men hang their heads.

Hush child,
Let your mummy sleep into the night until we rise.
Hush child,
All the strength I'll need to fight I'll find inside your eyes,
In your eyes.

14 The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

In the snow there
Stands a hurdy-gurdy man
Who with his frozen fingers
Plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
He shuffles to and fro,
And his empty plate,
It only fills with snow.

No one wants to hear
His hurdy-gurdy song,
Hungry dogs surround him
And before too long

He will fall asleep
And then before too long
He'll just let it happen,
Happen come what may,

Play his hurdy-gurdy
Till his dying day.

Watching you, old man,
I see myself in you.
One day I will play
The hurdy-gurdy, too.

15 You Only Cross My Mind in Winter

Always this winter child,
December sun sits low against the sky,
Cold light on frozen fields,
The cattle in their stable lowing.

When two walked this winter road,
Ten thousand miles seemed nothing to us then,
One walks with heavy tread,
The space between their footsteps slowing.

All day the snow did fall,
What's left of the day is close drawn in,
I speak your name as if you'd answer me,
But the silence of the snow is deafening.

How well do I recall our arguments,
Our logic holds no debts or recompense,
Philosophy and faith were ghosts
That we would chase until
The gates of heaven were broken.

But something makes me turn, I don't know,
To see another's footsteps there in the snow;
I smile to myself and then I wonder why it is
You only cross my mind in winter.

BONUS TRACK

16 Coventry Carol

Lully, lulla, thow little tyne Child,
By, by, lully, lullay, thow little tyne Child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling for whom we singe:
By, by, lully, lullay.

Lully, lullay, thow little tyne Child...

Herod, the king, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

Lully, lullay, thow little tyne Child...

That wo is me, pore Child for Thee!
And ever morne and sigh,
For Thy parting neither say nor singe,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Lully, lullay, thow little tyne Child...

Produced by Robert Sadin and Sting

Recorded at Steerpike Studios, Il Palagio, Italy; The Source, Malibu; Clinton Recording Studios, New York; Manhattan Center Studios, New York; SevenSeas Studios, New York
Engineered by Clark Germain, Donal Hodgson, Dave Darlington
Additional Engineering: Todd Whitelock, Tim Mitchell
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Mixed at Clinton Recording Studios; Steerpike Studios, Il Palagio, Italy; Burning Kite Digital; Bass Hit Recording
Mixed by David Darlington, Robert Sadin and Sting • "Soul Cake" mixed by Donal Hodgson and Sting
Director of Audio Operations for Sting: Donal Hodgson
Mastered by Mark Wilder at Battery Studios, New York
"Soul Cake" Mastered by Bob Ludwig at Gateway Mastering, Portland, Maine
Mastering Assistant: Maria Triana
Musical Research / Copying and Production Assistance: Daniel Barnidge
Contracting: Allen Blustine • Guitar Technician: Danny Quatrochi • Management: Kathryn Schenker / KSM, Inc.
A&R: Martin Kierszenbaum and Christopher Roberts • A&R Administration: Evelyn Morgan, Amy Merxbauer
Production Coordination: Dave Sandford, Dana Wise
Publicity: Tracy Bufferd / Forge Ahead Media; Lucy Maxwell-Stewart / Red House PR
Photographs: Tony Molina • Package Design: Joseph Hutchinson
Project Manager: David Butchart • Booklet Editor: Jochen Rudelt (text*house*)
Thanks to the staff at Deutsche Grammophon and Universal Classics, including Lut Behiels, Michael Lang and Olga Makrias

Cyro Baptista appears courtesy of Tzadik Records.
Chris Botti appears courtesy of Columbia Records.
Jack DeJohnette appears courtesy of Golden Beams Productions.
Daniel Hope appears courtesy of Deutsche Grammophon GmbH.
Edin Karamazov appears courtesy of Decca Classics.
Dominic Miller appears courtesy of Rutis Music Ltd., UK / Q-rious Music, Germany.
The Webb Sisters appear courtesy of StratArt.

Special Thanks to Alba Papi, Bina Rossi, Paolo Rossi, Chiara Viara, Joe Sponzo, William Francis, Theresa Lowrey, Joseph Brenner, Joseph Penachio and Barry Kolstein

Robert Sadin would like to thank Don Palma, Leroy Hyter, Donna Kloepfer and Tara Hemsey.

For fan club, tickets and the latest Sting information, visit www.sting.com

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